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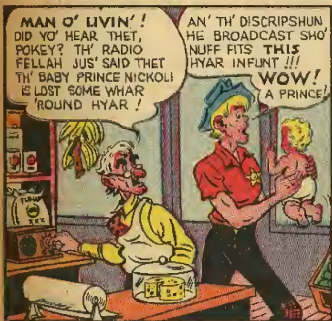
Each contestant maps his battle and positions his weapons—secretly. Then, Bomb 'em! . . . Blast 'em! . . . The exciting moments come when you learn you scored a hit. If you are lucky in targeting your shots, you have the advantage. No two battles come out alike. Skill, imagination, daring, play an important part in the results. Smart boys and their folks love the thrilling action this game provides. Soldiers, sailors, marines, play it over and over again because of its intriguing interest. Comes complete in portfolio with sets of battles for Madagascar, Midway and Solomon Islands, \$1 postpaid and gift wrapped. Money back if you are not more than satisfied after playing two battles.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

POKEY OAKER

WHILE FISHING, POKEY THE HILLBILLY SHERIFF FOUND AN ABANDONED BABE BY THE STREAM. HE IS NOW TRYING TO DISCOVER THE CHILD'S IDENTITY

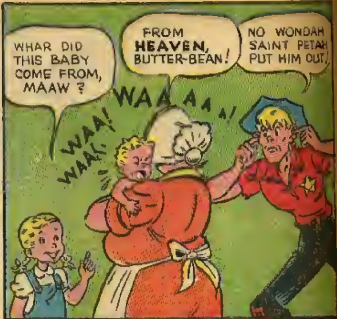
by Don Deon





LOOKY! NOW
HE'S A WAILIN'
--WHY DO
BABY'S CRY,
PAAW?

CAUSE THEY IS
TOO YOUNG TO
CUSS AH
RECKONS,
BUTTER-BEAN?



WHAR DID
THIS BABY
COME FROM,
MAAW?

FROM
HEAVEN,
BUTTER-BEAN!

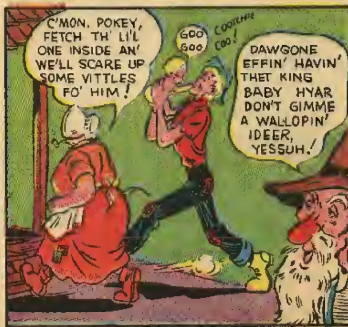
NO WONDAR
SAINT PETAR
PUT HIM OUT,



AH DON'T KNOW HOW
HE WILL LIKE ET HYAR!
HE IS USED TO **PALACES**
AN' **CASTLES**
MOS' PROB'LY!



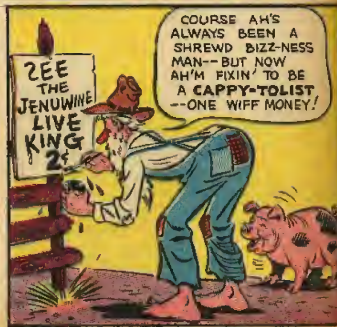
PALACES AN'
CASTLES (SPAT!)
WOT'S **WRONG**
WIFF OUR HOME--
OUTSIDE OF NEEDIN'
A LI'L PAINT MEBBE!



C'MON, POKEY,
FETCH TH LI'L
ONE INSIDE AN'
WE'LL SCARE UP
SOME VITTLES
FO' HIM!

GOO
GOO
COO!
COO!

DAWGONE
EFFIN' HAVIN'
THET KING
BABY HYAR
DON'T GIMME
A WALLOPIN'
IDEER,
YESSUH!



ZEE
THE
JENUWINE
LIVE
KING
2¢

COURSE AH'S
ALWAYS BEEN A
SHREWD BIZZ-NESS
MAN-- BUT NOW
AH'M FIXIN' TO BE
A **CAPPY-TOLIST**
--ONE WIFF MONEY!

WUNDUH WHUT YO'
OL' MAN IS UP TO, SON?
--HE IS OUT THAR
LOOKIN' HAPPY AS A
CAT AT MILKIN' TIME!

COOTCHIE COO,
YO' MAJESTY!

GOO!
GOO!

POKEY, GET YO'
LAZY HIDE OUT THAR
AN' CHOP SOME WOOD!
AH WANT TO GIVE
THIS LI'L FELLAH A
NICE WARM BAFF!

OKAY,
MAAW!

TH' PO' CHILE--BEIN'
KING AH S'POSE HE
WILL HAFTA TAKE A
BAFF EVAH DAY--
SHO' GLAD AH HAIN'T
NO KING!

BUT AH WILL BE NICE TO HIM ANYWAY,
AN WHEN HE GROWS UP MEBBE HE WILL
MAKE ME A KNIGHT--SIR POKEY
OAKY--
SHO' SOUNDS
GOOD! DUM-
DE-DEE!

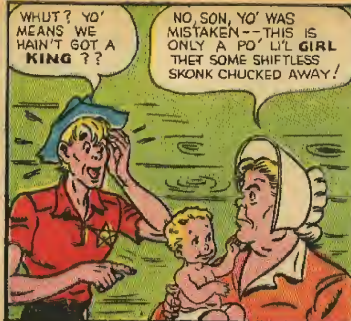
EEEEK!

WHUT'S THET
NOW ??

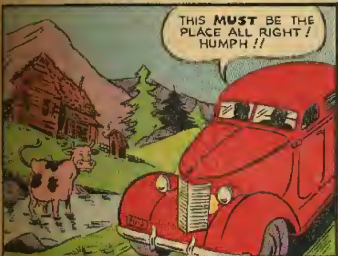
POKEY!
COME HYAR
QUICK!!

IS SOMETHIN' WRONG
WIFF HIS MAJESTY,
MAAW?

HIS MAJESTY MAH
EYE !! SON, THIS
HYAR CHILE IS A
SHE !!



THE DAYS ROLLED INTO WEEKS WITH
"PEACHES", THE CENTER OF LOVE AND
AFFECTION UNTIL ONE MORNING ---



THIS **MUST** BE THE
PLACE ALL RIGHT!
HUMPH!!

HOWDY DEW, LADIES,
WHUT KIN AH DO
FO' YO' ALL? WON'T
YO' KINDLY STEP
INSIDE PLEASE?

THIS IS **NOT** A
SOCIAL CALL, MRS.
OAKY. -- **WE** ARE
FROM THE COUNTY
HOME AND HAVE
COME FOR THE CHILD!



BUT- BUT AH DON'T
UNDAHSTAND, WE'UNS
LOVE "PEACHES" AN'
ARE FIXIN' TO
KEEP HER!!

WE WILL MAKE
THE DECISIONS.
PREPARE THE
CHILD TO LEAVE
AT **ONCE**!



SA-AY, WHUT IN
TARNATIONS IS
YO' HEN-HUSSIES
CACKLIN' 'BOUT
ANYWAY!

THEY DONE COME TO
TAKE OUR LI'L ONE,
PAAW. THEY SAY
WE'UNS HAIN'T FITTIN'
TO REAR HER!!



OH! IS THET SO?
WAAL, AH'LL HAVE YO'
KNOW AH PATCHED
MAH ROOF AN' PLANTED
EIGHT VICTORY
GARDENS ALL FO'
THIS CHILE!

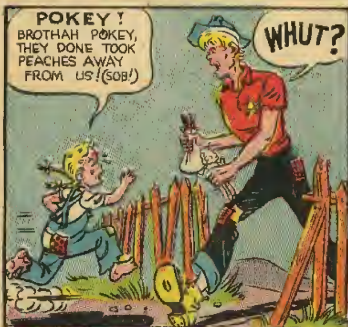
EIGHT VICTORY
GARDENS? AND
HOW ARE THEY
PROGRESSING?



WAAL (SPAT) AH
HAD SEVEN DEFEATS
SO FAH, BUT WE'UNS
WILL MAKE OUT!!

HUMPH! I HAVE
SEEN QUITE ENOUGH!
GIVE ME THAT
CHILD!!





THE BLACK HOOD

MAN OF MYSTERY

Last Will and Testament
of John Nesbitt
TO THE SEVEN DOOMED MEN
I HEREBY BEQUEATH—
DEATH!

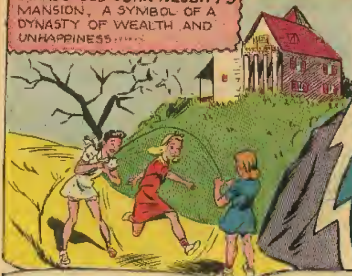
RICH MAN, POOR MAN,
BEGGARMAN, THIEF,
DOCTOR, LAWYER,
INDIAN CHIEF. ---
SEVEN DOOMED
MEN! FATED BY
THE LAST FEVERISH
SCRAWLINGS IM-
PRINTED UPON THE
WILL OF DEATH!
WHY WERE THEY
CHOSEN? WHO ARE
THEY? WHAT IS
THEIR DESTINY?



HIGH ON HURRICANE HILL
STANDS OLD JOHN NESBITT'S
MANSION, A SYMBOL OF A
DYNASTY OF WEALTH AND
UNHAPPINESS.

INSIDE, DR. BLACK AND
LAWYER GRAVES WAIT—
GRIMLY!

I KNOW I'M
GOING TO DIE,
DOCTOR! YOU
NEEDN'T TRY
TO FOOL ME!



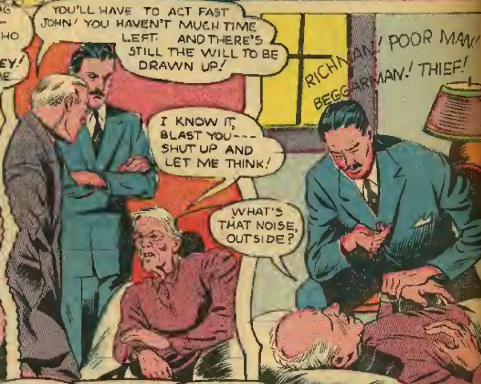
A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GOING
TO BE GLAD TO SEE ME DIE—
A LOT OF FILTHY VERMIN WHO
CAN HARDLY WAIT TO GET
THEIR HANDS ON MY MONEY!
IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME
WAY I COULD FOOL THEM!

YOU'LL HAVE TO ACT FAST
JOHN! YOU HAVEN'T MUCH TIME
LEFT. AND THERE'S
STILL THE WILL TO BE
DRAWN UP!

RICHMAN! POOR MAN!
BEGGARMAN! THIEF!

I KNOW IT,
BLAST YOU—
SHUT UP AND
LET ME THINK!

WHAT'S
THAT NOISE,
OUTSIDE?



DOCTOR!
LAWYER!
INDIAN CHIEF!

THOSE CHILDREN
HAVE GIVEN ME THE
ANSWER— I KNOW NOW
WHO I'M GOING TO LEAVE
MY MONEY TO! HA, HA!
WHAT A JOKE ON ALL
THE GREEDY HANDS
ITCHING FOR
MY MONEY!

JUST SOME
CHILDREN
PLAYING,
JOHN!



AS DARKNESS FALLS UPON THE FORBIDDING MANSION, **LAWYER GRAVES** SETS FORTH TO CARRY OUT THE FANTASTIC WHIM OF THE DYING MAN!

NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING SO FOOLISH IN ALL MY LIFE!

I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. ROCKABILT ON A MATTER OF EXTREME IMPORTANCE!

I KNOW YOU'RE A RICH MAN, MR. ROCKABILT-- BUT WOULD YOU BE AVERSE TO INHERITING A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY?

WHAT!

LATER

WHEW-- ROCKABILT THOUGHT I WAS CRAZY-- BUT HE'LL COME! NOW TO FIND A POOR MAN!

SURE! TONY PASQUALE PLENTY POOR-- WHY YOU ASK?

COME WITH ME!

AND SO AFTER MANY HOURS' LABOR, **LAWYER GRAVES** RETURNS WITH HIS COLLECTION OF HEIRS FOR THE NESBITT MILLIONS--

WELL, YOU AND I ARE THE **DOCTOR** AND THE **LAWYER, GRAVES**! THAT LEAVES ONLY ONE TO GO!

YES-- THE INDIAN CHIEF! BUT WHERE ON EARTH CAN WE FIND ONE OF THOSE?-- WAIT A MINUTE! MAYBE A NEWSPAPER CAN HELP US!





AND SO WE HAVE THE BE-GINNING OF A BIZARRE AND TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE FOR 7 MEN!

I FEEL FOOLISH - BUT WE'LL HAVE TO DO AS NESBITT SAYS! MIGHT AS WELL BE-GIN AT ONCE! HELLO... DAILY EXPRESS?

YES!... REPORTER BARBARA SUTTON-SPEAK-ING! WHAT'S THAT? HUM?

SAY- ARE YOU TRYING TO KID ME? THIS IS A NEWSPAPER - NOT A NURSERY!



WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH AN INDIAN-CHIEF ANYWAY? -- OH! -- HA, HA, HA! -- THAT'S A GOOD ONE!

WHAT'S UP, BABS?

WOTTA YARN... NESBITT'S DYING AND WANTS TO LEAVE HIS MONEY TO SEVEN MEN! AND WAIT TILL YOU HEAR WHO THE SEVEN ARE, KIP!



A POOR MAN, A RICH MAN, A BEGGARMAN, THIEF, DOCTOR, LAWYER, AND YOU.

ME-- YOU'VE GOT IT WRRONG- YOU MEAN AN INDIAN CHIEF!

MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS SCREWY, I TELL YOU! WHERE'D YOU GET THIS COSTUME ANY-WAY?

THERE ARE LOTS OF THINGS LYING AROUND A NEWSPAPER OF-FICE! NOW BE QUIET AND DO AS I SAY THERE'S A STORY HERE AND I'M GO-ING TO GET IT!



UGH!

HOURS PASS AND WHEN THE MASSIVE WROUGHT-IRON HANDS OF THE NESBITT GRAND FATHER CLOCK MEET TO TOLL OUT MIDNIGHT---

-- A WEIRD SCENE UN-FOLDS --



HERE THEY ARE JOHN- THE SEVEN MEN YOU ASKED FOR!

GOOD- AND NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY, ALL OF YOU!

THE HOURS DRAG BY --- AND THE SEVEN MEN
NERVOUSLY AWAIT THE DEATH OF JOHNNESBITT--

1 RICH MAN
I CAN'T BELIEVE
IT-- SOMEONE GIV-
ING ME MONEY!
EXTRAORDINARY!"

2 POOR MAN
CARA MIA, NOW
MY KEEBS HAVE
PLENTY TO
EAT!

3 BEGGAR MAN
DAWGONE, HERE'S
A HAND-OUT I
WASN'T EVEN
ASKIN' FOR!
DAWGONE!

4 THIEF
I DON'T LIKE
DIS SET-UP AT
ALL! I JUST
DONE A STRETCH
AND I AIN'T
ANXIOUS TO
GO BACK!

5 DOCTOR
JOHN IS
SLEEPING.
TOO BAD I
CAN'T DO
ANYMORE
FOR HIM!

6 LAWYER
GLAD I DEALT
MYSELF IN THIS
GAME! I CAN USE
THE MONEY!

NESBITT IS DEAD! IT WAS
HIS WISH THAT ALL SEVEN
OF HIS INHERITORS SPEND
THE NIGHT IN THIS HOUSE!
TO THOSE WHO ARE STILL
HERE TOMORROW, I WILL
READ THE WILL!

WHATA HE MEAN? "STILL
HERE"? I NO UNDERSTAND!

PERHAPS ALL OF US
WON'T LIVE TO SEE THE
MORNING, MY FRIEND!

SUDDENLY--

DOCTOR-- H-HELP!

IT'S
NESBITT!

THIS
IS THE
END!

THE DOCTOR AND LAWYER RUN
UPSTAIRS --- MINUTES LATER
LAWYER GRAVES APPEARS--

WELL?

WHAT'S
UP?

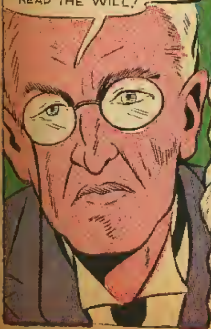
7 INDIAN CHIEF

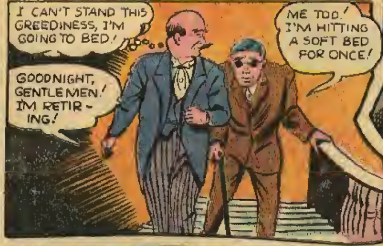
WHAT A STRANGE
SITUATION--- THIS
IS--- SEVEN
STRANGERS TO
INHERIT A FOR-
TUNE!

ANNOYING
TO HAVE TO
WAIT TILL
MORNING,
DOCTOR!

YES, AND
TO HAVE TO
SHARE IT
WITH RIFF-
RAFF, EH
GRAVES?

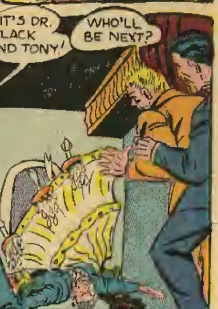
POOR
NES-
BITT!







SUDDENLY FROM ABOVE, A HAND REACHES FOR THE CHANDELIER, THE KNIFE DANGEROUSLY NEAR THE ROPE!



YES, WHO'LL BE NEXT? MURDER SEEMS TO LURK AT EVERY TURN! TRULY, THE WILL OF DEATH IS BEQUEATHING A LEGACY OF BLOOD!

PLEASE, MR HOOD, YOU'VE GOT TO PROTECT ME! MONEY DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO ME - I HAVE LOTS OF IT! I WANT TO RETURN HOME!

--- BECAUSE SOMEONE IN THIS HOUSE --- PERHAPS ONE OF YOU IS THE KILLER!! YOU CAN'T LEAVE NOW!



BLACK HOOD,
THIS CASE WILL
NOT BE EASY TO
PUZZLE OUT!
ROCKABILL,
LAWYER GRAVES,
AND THE THIEF
ARE THE RE-
MAINING SUS-
PECTS!

UNLESS
WE'RE FOR-
GETTING
JOHN NES-
BITT!
BUT THEN
ISN'T HE
DEAD!

AT THAT
MOMENT
THE ROOM
IS PLUNGED
INTO DARKNESS

WHO
TURNED
THOSE
LIGHTS
OUT!

UGHH!
ARGHH!

I SEE HIM NOW—
THIS TIME HE
WON'T GET
'FAR!

HELP!
HEL~~
OOOOH!

AS THE BLACK HOOD
TAKES A FLYING LEAP—SUD-
DENLY THE DISGUISED MUR-
DERER DUCKS TO ONE SIDE!



MISSED HIM---
THE SLIPPERY RAT!

COULD HE HAVE
ESCAPED DOWN
THIS? NO SIGN
OF HIM!



BY THE TIME THE HOOD REALIZES I CLIMBED TO THE ROOF, IT'LL BE TOO LATE FOR HIM!

JUST WORK THIS GARGOYLE LOOSE --
AAH, THERE SHE GOES!

JUMPIN' JACKPOTS!

MISSED ME! JUST SWUNG BACK IN TIME!

I'VE AN IDEA THAT FELLOW'S A LITTLE SHY ABOUT MEETING ME!

HE'S GETTING AWAY! I'VE GOT TO HEAD HIM OFF BEFORE HE'S DOWN THE FAR SIDE OF THE HOUSE!

OVER THIS WALL, BACK INTO THE HOUSE AND CHANGE MY CLOTHES, AND THE HOOD WILL NEVER KNOW WHO I AM!

BUT LOOK! FATE INTERVENES, THE MURDERER TRIPS -- AND --

--- TUMBLES THROUGH THE SKYLIGHT!



THAT'S WHAT I CALL CRASHING THROUGH A BRILLIANT FINISH!



DOWN STAIRS---

JUST AS I THOUGHT-- IT'S MR. ROCKABIL-- THE RICH MAN TURNED MURDERER!



YOU SEE, GENTLEMEN, ROCKABIL WAS NOT THE MULTI-MILLIONAIRE HE PRETENDED TO BE! ACTUALLY HE WAS DESPERATELY IN NEED OF MONEY, AND BY KILLING ALL OF YOU OFF HE WOULD REMAIN TO INHERIT EVERYTHING!



THE NEXT MORNING---

WELL, DID YOU GET ME THAT STORY, BIG CHIEF DARK MASK!

HELLO THEL!



I'LL SAY I DID! AND WAIT TILL YOU HEAR IT. I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT YOU TO THANK FOR GETTING ME INTO THIS! IT STARTS WITH A NURSERY RHYME! RICH-MAN, POOR-MAN, BEGGAR-MAN, THIEF!--



Later-- AND THAT'S HOW IT HAPPENED, BUT ONE RHYME ROCKABIL FOR-GOT---

* IF WISHES WERE HORSES BEGGARS COULD RIDE, THE MAN WITHOUT FRIENDS-- WILL REGRET THAT HE DIED. FOR THOSE THAT COME AFTER TO INHERIT HIS GOLD, THE RICH AND THE POOR WILL NOT LIVE VERY OLD!



Readers' Page

PRESENTING YOUR FAVORITE CONTEST—WHERE YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO WIN A PORTRAIT OF YOURSELF, HAND DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS, AND WHERE YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY LOSE!

HERE IS HOW YOU ENTER!

YOU JUST SEND US A PHOTOGRAPH OF YOURSELF AND A LETTER TELLING US WHICH CHARACTER IN **TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS** IS YOUR FAVORITE ----AND WHY!

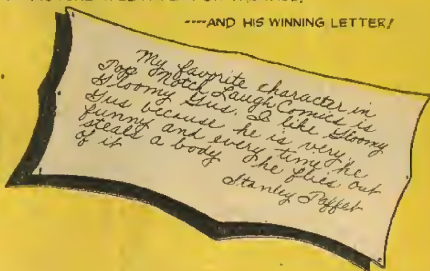
IF YOUR LETTER IS CHOSEN AS THE BEST, YOUR PORTRAIT WILL BE DRAWN BY ONE OF OUR ARTISTS! IF NOT YOUR PICTURE WILL APPEAR ON THIS PAGE!

THE WINNER



STANLEY TAFFET
119 ATTORNEY ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

---AND HIS WINNING LETTER!



HONORABLE MENTION



JEANNE SCOTT
THAYER, MISSOURI



ELEANOR GIORDANO
4515 BARKHILL AVE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO



MORRIS CUTLER
1911 64th ST.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.



CONCETTA DASTEFANO
520 WILLIAMS
OMAHA, NEBRASKA



JOE BURDETTE
PIEDMONT, S.C.



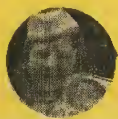
MILLIE SARKANUS
177 HANOVER ST.
PORTSMOUTH, N.H.



GERALDINE MAUGHAN
2800 WEST MARKHAM
LITTLE ROCK, ARK.



MILDRED THOMPSON
120-07 14th AVE.
COLLEGE POINT, N.Y.C.



FRANCES BROOKS
2077 WALLACE AVE.
BRONX, N.Y.



SYREL GERSHEN
71 OCEAN P'KWAY
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Señor SIESTA

Don Dean.

WHAT DOES
MY PALM TELL
YOU, WISE ONE?

THAT YOU HAVE
NOT BEEN NEAR
WATER EEN
A LONG
TIME!



READ ON
WISE ONE...
BOOT WHY
ARE YOU
TREMBLING
SO??

SIESTA YOU
ARE **DOOMED!**
DOOMED BY THE
"EYE OF THE
EVIL"!



BOOT WHAT
EES THEES
EYE OF EVIL?
TELL ME
GUEEKLY,
SEÑORA!!

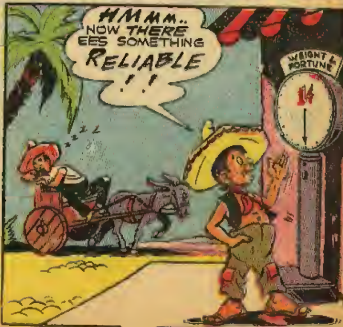
NO! NO! EET EES
TOO **HORRIBLE!**
YOU WEE! KNOW
ALL TOO SOON!
GOOD DAY!



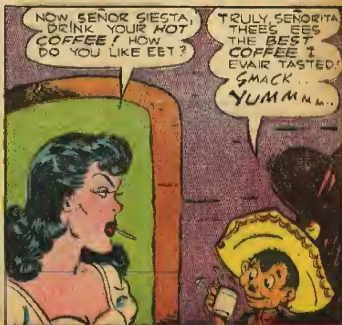
EYE OF EVIL!!
PHOOF! EVERY MAN KNOWS
THAT FORTUNE TELLERS ARE
ALL **FAKERS!** I WAS BEEG
FOOL TO WASTE MY MONEY!

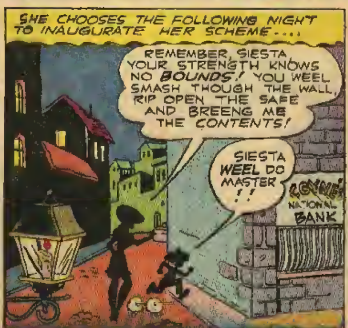
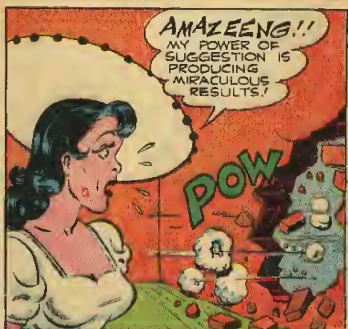


HMMM...
NOW THERE
EES SOMETHING
RELIABLE
!!











LISTEN, CAREFULLY SIESTA! HOP EENTO THEES ZOOT OF ARMOR! YOU WEEEL REMAIN THERE UNTIL MIDNIGHT, THEN YOU WEEEL GEET THE CROWN JEWELS, AND BREENG THEM STRAIGHT TO ME! UNDERSTAND??



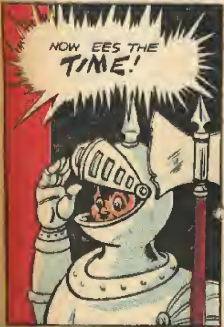
I UNDERSTAND MASTER!

BACK AT HER LAIR, SENORITA MADIA PACES NERVOUSLY, AS THE HANDS OF THE CLOCK APPROACH TWELVE...

I WEEEL CONCENTRATE ON MY SLAVE SIESTA! NOW EES THE TIME.. NOW EES THE TIME..



NOW EES THE TIME!



CRASH



THEN AS SIESTA IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE LOOT A BUZZING FLY LANDS ON HIS SCHNOZZOLA ...



AND AS HIS EYES CROSS TO VIEW THE ANNOYING OBJECT, SOMETHING HAPPENS. THE HYPNOTIC SPELL IS BROKEN!

WHERE AM I? WHERE DEED I GEET ALL THEES GLASS BEADS ???



AH WE HAVE CAUGHT THE CULPRIT RED HANDED!



How WILL POOR SIESTA EXPLAIN THIS ONE... IF THEY ALLOW HIM AN EXPLANATION! DON'T MISS NEXT ISSUE, FRIENDS!

CRIME IS ALWAYS CARELESS

A BLACK HOOD STORY

by Roger Conway

AS PREYSING, Engineer for the Gottman Construction Works rose to his feet with a shrill scream, convulsively clutching at his throat, Kip Burland set his glass on the small end table beside the couch and sprang nimbly.

He caught Preysing before he'd fallen to the richly colored carpet.

"There's nothing that can be done," he announced after a short examination to the circle of guests who had risen and now stood horrified before the prone body. "He's dead."

Dr. Von Barheim, the prominent dentist, touched Burland on the shoulder as he knelt by the body.

"Heart?"

"I'm not the coroner," replied Kip acidly, "and if you mean simple heart failure, I'd say no."

"Any murder can be called *stoppage of breathing*," replied Von Barheim sarcastically.

"Poor Mr. Preysing," murmured Barbara. She was holding tightly to Mrs. Barlow, their hostess who was trembling visibly.

"Why poor?" asked Kip. "As Chief Engineer . . ."

"I don't mean money. He's had so much sickness lately."

The inquest, held a few hours later, established a verdict of suicide, due to the recent background of illness experienced by the corpse.

"Suicides usually don't die without leaving notes," said Kip to Barbara as they left. "It's simply not human nature."

"I can see this isn't the end

of the case," smiled Barbara.

Burland went over Preysing's papers the next day. One fact alone stood out from the others. Preysing had plunged heavily in the buying of industrial diamonds. Kip mused a while on this and whistled sharply as a subsequent fact made its appearance.

The office of Dr. Von Barheim was usually dark after nine o'clock at night as the wealthy doctor had short evening hours. At half past nine a window in the surgery was raised and a stealthy figure, hooded and cloaked emerged into the blackness, walked rapidly to a door connecting the surgery with the study and opened it noiselessly.

Sharp eyes saw Dr. Von Barheim rise from a deep chair, go to a wall safe and open it. Then across the space that separated the hooded figure and the doctor floated a soft chuckle. Von Barheim lifted a large white box from the safe and opened it. He fished around in its interior, lifted out some small objects and looked at them fondly.

"Little weapons of victory. You are small, but soon your voices shall be heard in London, Moscow and New York."

"Good evening, Herr Von Barheim," the tall hidden figure flung back the door and stepped into the study. "For a murderer you have an easy conscience."

"The Black Hood!" gasped the doctor, his eyes narrowed. "Murderer? What do you mean?"

"Not only a murderer," grated the Hood, "but also an

agent of Fascist Germany. An agent sent to secure industrial diamonds for the failing German war industries. You located Preysing, who was of German descent, blackmailed him into buying them for you, then invented a clever means of transporting the diamonds back to Germany. For a dentist it was easy—drilling out teeth, hiding the diamonds in them and sending your agents to Berlin, incalculable wealth in military might concealed in their teeth. Desperate measures, Herr Von Barheim, as desperate as Germany's cause. But Preysing tried to double-cross you. He wanted America to win. You knew he'd been ill for a long time. Suddenly changing your attitude you offered to fix his teeth, knowing that it was necessary to do away with him before he informed the FBI. You packed cyanide in one of his decayed molars and put in a filling loose enough to allow the poison to slowly escape without the filling falling out and thus betraying the method of murder. You thought you were clever, Von Barheim, but you were not clever. You were simply a stupid Nazi and forgot to destroy Preysing's papers. Even now the police are on their way here."

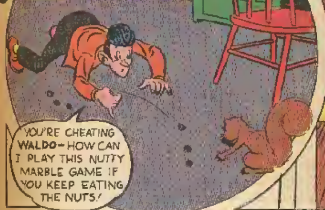
A siren wailed in the street far below.

With incredible swiftness the German whirled, dashed for the nearest window and crashed through it. A terrible scream split the air, then died away.

The Black Hood did not bother to look out the window. A fall of twenty stories will kill any man.

The police verified that.

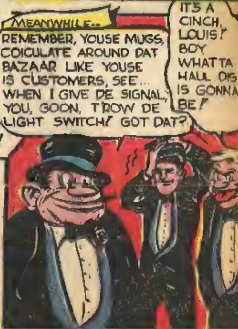
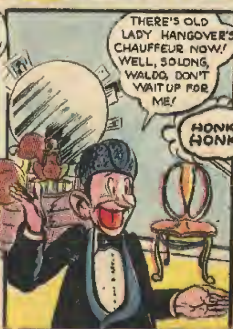
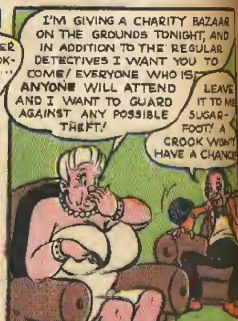
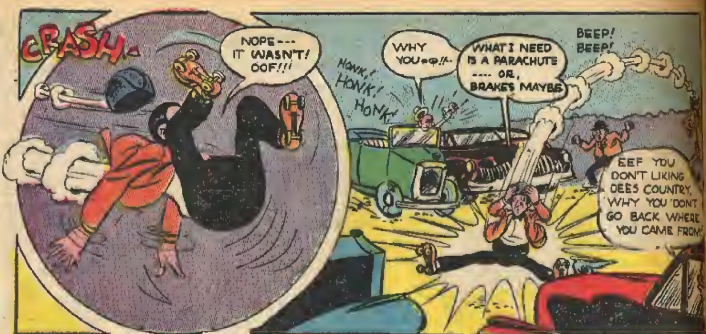
SNOOP — MCGOOK



SOMEBODY'S OUTSIDE! SLIP ME THE PERISCOPE, WALDO!

HMM! TELEPHONE MAN! THAT REMINDS ME, I WANT TO COMPLAIN, THE SERVICE IS GETTING LOUSY!





POOR WALDO!
MAYBE I SHOULD'A
BROUGHT HIM AT
THAT!



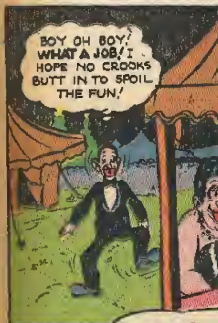
GOP! WHY YOU--!!
SO YOU SNEAKED ALONG
DID YOU? I'LL FIX
YOUR WAGON!



ER-- CHECK
THIS ANIMAL TOO.
LOCK HIM IN A
CLOSET-- A DARK
ONE!



BOY OH BOY,
WHAT A JOB! I
HOPE NO CROOKS
BUTT IN TO SPOIL
THE FUN!



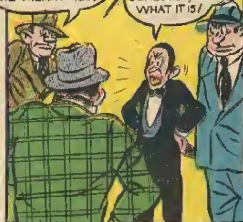
GLOP!

HIYA
McGOOK!



WELL IF IT
AIN'T OUR OL' PAL
SNOOP-- WHEN THE
CHIEF SAID THERE
MIGHT BE TROUBLE,
WE DIDNT KNOW
HE MEANT YOU!

YEAH-- SOME-
TIMES I THINK YEE
IN CAHOOTS WITH
THE CROOKS
DUMB PLATFEET
PROFESSIONAL
JEALOUSY, THAT'S
WHAT IT IS!



GEE, LOUIS-- IT'S
DAT SAPPY DICK--
SNOOP MCGOOK!
HE GOT ME.
BRUDDER SENT
UP! WONDER IF
HE'S WISE TO DA
STICKUP TONIGHT!

DAT DOPE! DON'T
GIVE ME HISTORICS!
WE'LL FRAME
HIM GOOD! WHEN
DA LIGHTS GO OFF,
WE'LL PLANT SOME
OF THE JOOLRY
ON HIM!

MEANWHILE WALDO
IS GETTING TIRED OF
THE CLOSET AND----



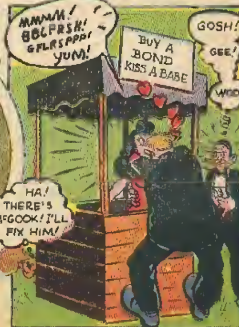
HAWK!
BOLFSH!
GLRSPPI
YUM!

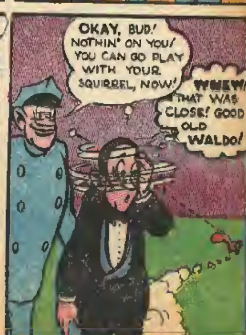
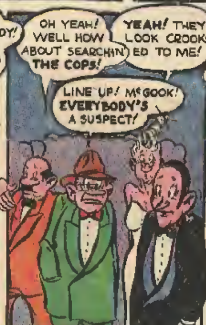
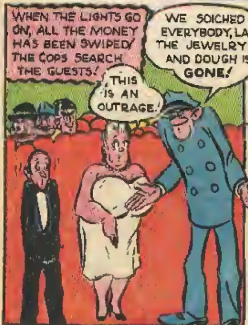
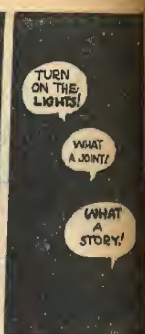
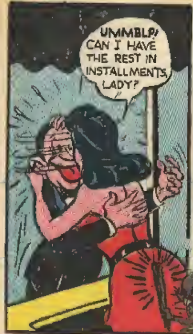
BUY A
BOND
KISS A BARE

GOSH!

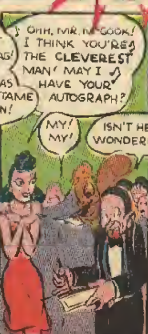
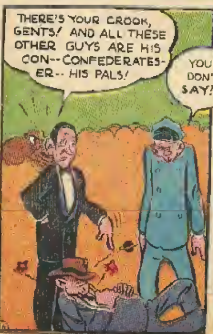
GEE!

HA!
THERE'S
MCGOOK! I'LL
FIX HIM!









DEEP, DARK, DIPLOMATICS

A SNOOP McGOOK STORY

by Caroline West

A moment before the great event, Snoop McGook was trying to comfort both himself and Waldo the squirrel. The office was empty of clients. Nobody, not even the landlord had been around for a week, Snoop found some consolation in this.

The great detective patted Waldo on the head.

"Don't worry, old pal," he sighed, "you at least can eat off the ground. Even if I had some ground to eat off, there'd be nothing to eat off it."

At this moment the wheezy doorbell rang. Waldo immediately scampered under Snoop's desk.

"Come in," called out Snoop.

The door didn't open for a minute, but when it did, McGook's chair went over with a crash.

"Whh—what? Who are you?" gasped Snoop.

The man who came in was attired in a loudly colored and decorated uniform. At least six yards of gold braid hung on his chest and he had enough medals on him to sink an ocean liner. He was wearing a large spiked helmet, shiny black boots, shiny black gloves and carried a lot of important looking papers under his arm.

The visitor came up to Snoop and saluted.

"Good morning. I am the Grand Vizier of Dustpanistan! And you are the mighty Snoop McGook, are you not?"

Snoop nodded.

"Shhhhh!" whispered the

Vizier. "We must not be overheard. Are we alone?"

Snoop nodded again, completely forgetting Waldo.

"Well," said the Vizier, "in that case we can do business. The King of Dustpanistan has disappeared and I want YOU to find him. If you do, you will receive a reward of sixty million pezooses."

"I will find him," said Snoop, having visions of the sixty million pezooses. "How much is that worth in U. S. money?"

"Twenty three dollars and seventy nine cents," answered the Vizier. "I'll be back tomorrow. See that you have him here."

"Oh yeah, sure," replied Snoop.

Waldo scampered from behind the desk as soon as the Vizier had gone. He jumped up on Snoop's desk and made some motions. But Snoop pushed him away. Waldo persisted. He put his little right arm near his forehead and revolved it swiftly.

"Don't bother me," snorted Snoop crossly. He reached for the phone. Knowing that Kings always travel disguised, he cleverly made calls to every hotel in town. But after six hours and four dollars worth of this, Snoop decided that the King had been disguised too well.

The morgue proved a complete bust. They had the bodies of two or three Grand Dukes, a Prince, four ex-Princesses

and even a Baton, but no Kings.

"This is going to be harder than I thought," mused the great McGook. "He might be working as a waiter, but there are three thousand restaurants in town. At that rate it would take six months to visit them all. It isn't worth it, not even for a King. Oh, what am I going to tell the Vizier?" He thought also of the sixty million pezooses but not too long.

The next day the doorbell rang at about noon. In walked the Grand Vizier.

"Hi-Ya, Grand Vizier," said Snoop. "I'm afraid that. . ."

But the Grand Vizier wasn't paying any attention to him. He was looking horror-stricken at Waldo, who had come out of hiding and was standing on the desk, making the same peculiar motions with his arm.

At this moment, two men dressed in uniforms came in. One had a big net in his hand which he threw over the Vizier's head.

"You can't do this to me!" yelled the Vizier.

"Now be a good boy, Your Excellency, and you can have a nice big chocolate ice-cream soda tonight."

Then Snoop noticed that the sign on their caps said "Bide-a-While Insane Asylum".

When they had gone, he looked at Waldo.

"Waldo, you're a genius! Now I know why you were making those funny motions near your head. After all, who but a squirrel is so well-fitted to recognize a NUT?"

GLOOMY GUS

by
RED HOLMDALE
and
GOGGIN
STORY BY - KEAN

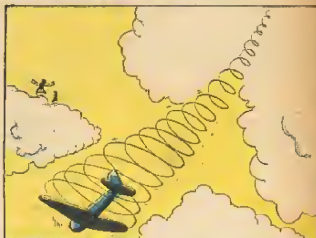
HO HUM--- KINDA
SLOW TO-DAY, GUS?
DOESN'T SEEM LIKE
I'LL HAVE A BODY
FOR YOU?

THE HECK YOU, HAVEN'T,
PETE? THERE'S A CUSTOMER
RIGHT NOW--- LOOK
AT THAT PLANE DOWN THERE
GOING INTO A TAILSPIN!!

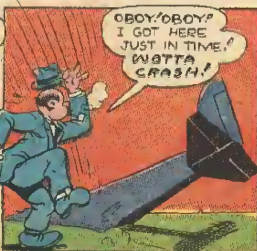


R.I.P.

SHED A TEAR FOR GLOOMY GUS.
HE DIED BEFORE HIS TIME WAS UP!
TILL ST. PETE FINDS A BODY THAT'S
STRONG AND ROOMY- GUS'LL BE
A GHOST THAT'S HOMELESS AND GLOOMY!



SO LONG,
I'LL WRITE
AND LET YOU
KNOW HOW I
MADE OUT!



NOT BAD FOR A QUICK
FIT? I DON'T LIKE THE
IDEA OF BEING A PILOT.
BUT I CAN'T
BE CHOOSY?



LOOK! SHE'S
ALIVE!
MABEL'S ALIVE!



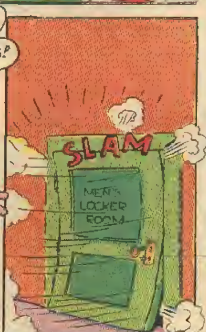
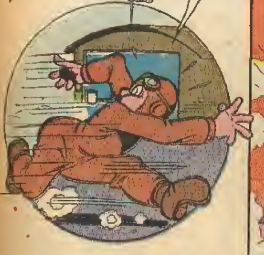
GRACIOUS, MABEL--WE
THOUGHT WE'D LOST
THE **BEST WOMAN**
TEST PILOT....

ARE YOU
ALL RIGHT?

SUCH AN
EXPERIENCE?
MY DEARS---
BLAH, BLAH, BLAH



COME BACK,
MABEL?



SAFE! I'LL CLIMB OUT OF
MY PILOT'S UNIFORM AND GO
HOME? **HOME?** I DON'T EVEN
KNOW WHERE I LIVE?



HYAH BABE?--- **SAY!**
THIS IS A MIRROR?
THAT'S ME? **OMIGOSH!**
I'M IN THE BODY
OF A **GIRL!**

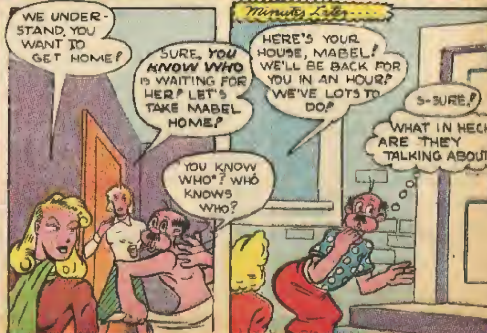


HOLD IT, MABEL!
YOU CAN'T UNDRRESS IN
HERE-- THIS IS THE
"MEN'S ROOM!"



B-BUT I AM A
MAN--- ER---
I MEAN I WAS-----?





ALONE AT LAST,
HOPE THEY'VE
GOT PICKLES IN
THE ICE-BOX.
I'M HUNGRY!



NO THANKS,
I DON'T WANT
ANY ICE TODAY--
--OODPS--
WHO ARE YOU?



MABEL, HONEY,
AM I GLAD TO SEE
YOU? AM I GLAD
YOU'RE SAFE?

WHAT IS THIS A
QUIZ PROGRAM?
H-E-Y WHAT
ARE YOU
DOING?



WHY MABEL,
DEAR, DON'T
YOU RECOGNIZE
ME, HOMER
BULLPEN, YOUR
ONE AND ONLY!

**MY
WH---
WHAT!!**

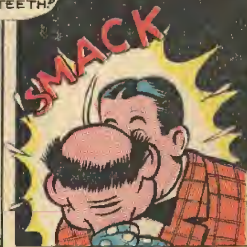


OH, I SHOULD HAVE
REMEMBERED.
YOUR ACCIDENT--
IT MUST HAVE
COMPLETELY
UNSETTLED YOU.

HEY--IF
YOU DON'T
GET ME OFF
YOUR LAP
I'LL UNSETTLE
YOUR TEETH!



HA, HA, SUCH A
DELICIOUS SENSE OF
HUMOR? GIMME A
BIG KISS, HONEY!



CUT THAT
OUT, YA
BIG LUG.

HEY!



MABEL? WHAT'S
THE MATTER WITH
YOU? YOU SEEM
TO BE A DIFFER-
ENT PERSON?

... AND
IF YOU PULL
ANYTHING
LIKE THAT
AGAIN,
I'LL---



SULP! DIFFERENT--
PERSON, DID YOU SAY--
HEH, HEH, HOW SILLY!
I'M YOUR MABEL OF
COURSE! IT WAS
JUST YOUR ROUGH
BEARD!





OH, HA, HA!
OF COURSE,
I'LL GO RIGHT
HOME AND
SHAVE!

YES, DO! CUT YOURSELF
A PIECE OF THROAT---
ER---I MEAN BE SURE
YOU DON'T CUT YOUR-
SELF **DEAR!**

PHEW! I CAN'T LET THIS
GUY SUSPECT I'M NOT
HIS MABEL!



WE'RE GOING
THROUGH WITH
OUR PLANS TO-
NIGHT, AREN'T WE
MABEL?

PLANS?
WHAT IS HE---
AN ARCHITECT?

OH--OH---OH
SURE? ANY-
THING YOU SAY!



AHHHHH!!

THIS IS SOME FIX I'M
IN! BEING A GIRL IS NO
CINCH--- EVERYTIME I
LOOK OUT, THERE'S A
WOLF AT THE DOOR!



YOO-HOO
MABEL?
WE'RE
B-A-A-CK!

GULP!!
S-SO I SEE!

GEE, I WONDER
WHAT'S GOING
TO HAPPEN
NOW?



THE TWO GALS DRAG POOR
GLOOMY GUS INTO THEIR
CAR? WHAT NOW?

WHERE
ARE YOU
TAKING ME?

SILLY! YOU
KNOW PERFEC-
TLY WELL
WHERE WE'RE
GOING!

I DO?--I MEAN,
ER---OF COURSE
I DO!

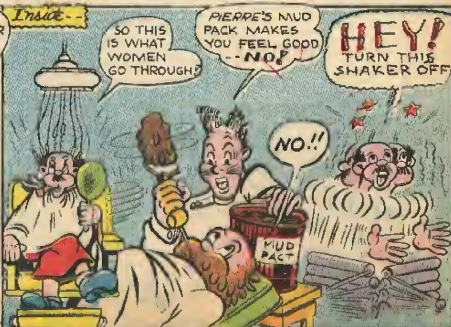


HERE WE ARE!
JUST ASK FOR
PIERRE AND HE'LL
GIVE YOU A SIMPLY
DIVINE WORK-
OUT!

WE'LL BE
WAITING FOR
YOU WHEN
YOU COME
OUT!

YEAH!
IF I EVER
COME OUT?

JANICE'S
BEAUTY
SHOPPE



Inside--

SO THIS
IS WHAT
WOMEN
GO THROUGH?

PIERRE'S MUD
PACK MAKES
YOU FEEL GOOD
--NO!

HEY!
TURN THIS
SHAKER OFF!

NO!!

HOOPS LATER--

HOW DO YOU
FEEL NOW,
MABEL?

I CAN'T FEEL
ANYTHING.
(GASP-GASP)

HURRY UP! THIS
IS SUPPOSED TO
BE THE BIGGEST
EVENT IN A
GIRL'S LIFE!

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THESE GIRLS
HAVE GOT UP THEIR
SLEEVE-- BUT I
DON'T THINK I'M
GONNA LIKE IT.

AND LATER UP IN 'MABEL'S' ROOM--

CAN WE HELP
YOU GET DRESS-
ED, MABEL?

WHY--ER--
NO! THAT'S
THE ONE
THING I LIKE
TO DO IN
PRIVATE!

ARE YOU SURE?
A WEDDING-DRESS
IS PRETTY HARD TO
ZIP UP IN THE BACK?

LEMME
SEE----

--- WHY IT IS
A WEDDING-DRESS?
WHO'S GET-
TING MARRIED?

DON'T
YOU
KNOW?

YOU ARE!

WHEN
GUS
WAKES
UP--

OMIGOSH!
WHAT'LL I
DO NOW?

HERE HONEY-CRUNCH,
GIVE ME YOUR ARM!

I CAN'T GET
MARRIED TO A MAN!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
PETE! ST. PETE!!
HELP ME!!

OH! OH! HOW'LL
GUS GET OUT
OF THIS!

JEEPERS! GUS
SURE IS IN A TOUGH
SPOT-- BUT WAIT'LL
YOU SEE HIM IN
NEXT MONTH'S IS-
SUE OF TOP NOTCH
LAUGH COMICS!
HIS TROUBLES ARE
ONLY BEGINNING!!

ARCHIE COMICS IS RIDING THE CREST OF A WAVE!
A WAVE OF LETTERS POURING IN BY THE THOUSANDS—ALL
SHOUTING THEIR DELIGHT ABOUT AMERICA'S MOST SENSATION-
ALLY FUNNY CHARACTER—"ARCHIE, THE MIRTH OF A NATION"
AND THOSE SIDE-SPLITTING FEATURES-----

JUDGE OWL

CUBBY
THE BEAR

BUMBLE, THE
BEE-TECTIVE

SQUIMMY,
THE WOIM

ARCHIE'S
PAL
JUGHEAD

ARCHIE'S
GIRL FRIEND
BETTY COOPER

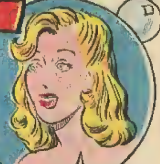


AND SO WE HAD NO CHOICE! WE WERE FORCED TO BRING OUT ANOTHER
ISSUE OF **ARCHIE COMICS**! **ARCHIE COMICS #2** IS ON SALE AT
YOUR NEWSSTANDS **RIGHT NOW!** DON'T WALK, **RUN** TO YOUR NEWSSTAND!

SUZIE



IN RETURN FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME, SUZIE—I'M GETTING YOU A JOB AS MY MOTHER'S SOCIAL SECRETARY!



B-BUT RONNIE, I—I DON'T KNOW HOW!



OH NO! IT'S NOT POSSIBLE! SUZIE'S LANDED A JOB BEFORE THIS STORY STARTS A SOCIAL SECRETARY NO LESS! AND IF YOU KNOW SUZIE, LIKE WE KNOW SUZIE—YOU'LL KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT!

by V Lipman
& Beane

AT RONNIE VANDERPOOLE'S HOUSE A PARTY IS IN FULL SWING

AMUSE YOURSELF, SUZIE. I'LL LOOK FOR MATER!



WHAT AN ENORMOUS HOUSE! 'IN-OUT' I WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS!

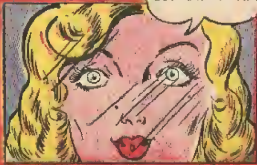


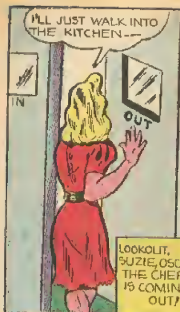
ER, JENKINS, HAVE YOU SEEN MY MOTHER?

I BELIEVE SHE'S OUT ON THE LAWN ENTERTAINING MASTER RONALD

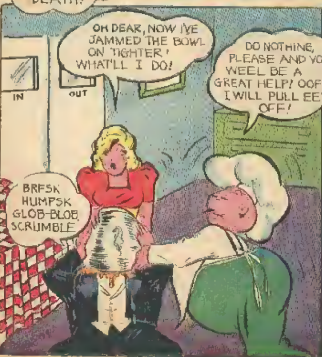
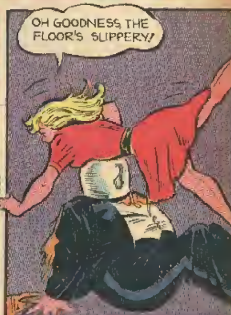
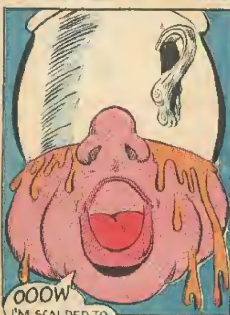
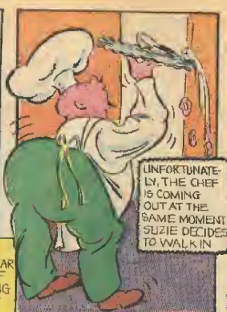


GOLLY! LOOK AT ALL THAT FOOD FOR THE PARTY! WONDER IF THEY'VE GOT ANY SUGAR!





LOOKOUT, SUZIE, OSCAR THE CHEF IS COMING OUT!



THIS IS THE
PANTRY!!
SO SCRAM! I
MEAN PLEASE
DEPART!

I'M SO
SORRY,
REALLY!

SACRÉ PARBLEU,
IMBECILE OF A FEMALE!
#@!!#@!

OUT

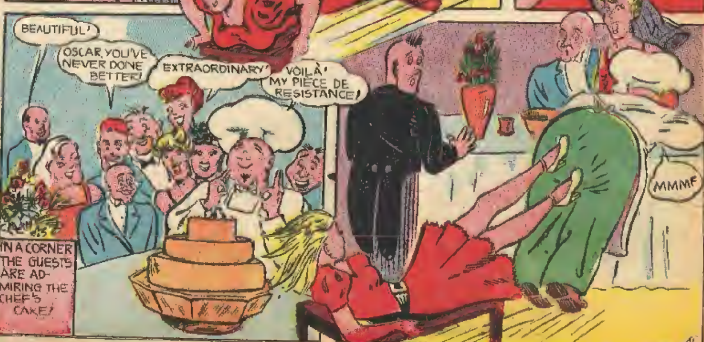
GEE GOLLIKINS!
SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING
FELL DOWN! BUT IT COULDN'T BE
MY FAULT!

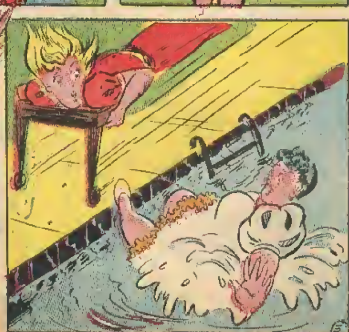
CRASH

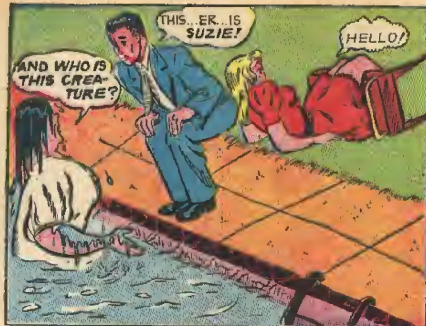
OH LOOK! SUZIE'S HEEL IS
CAUGHT ON A TABLECLOTH!
DOES THAT MEAN TROUBLE?

GUESS I'LL GO
DOWNSTAIRS!
S-A-Y...

I ALWAYS WANTED
TO SLIDE DOWN ONE
OF THESE BANNISTERS.
HMMM!







There is no Rationing on **Laughs**

IN THE NEW

ZIP

COMICS!!

HERE HE IS GANG,
THE **TOP LAUGH-**
MAKER OF THEM
ALL ---- **SEÑOR**
BANANA!

I'M STILL
AROUND,
GANG ---
WILBUR
WILKINS OF
WESTFIELD!

DON'T FORGET
ME, STEEL!
WOODY THE
WOODPECKER!

I'M
SLAPPY
YUK, YUK
YUK!

I'M
PAPPY!

I'M
HAPPY!

I'M
GINGER!

I'M
CHIMPY!

ALL THESE BRAND NEW, UNBELIEVABLY FUNNY FEATURES APPEAR
IN THE APRIL ZIP COMICS! APRIL ZIP WILL APPEAR ON SALE
ALMOST ANY DAY, NOW! TAKE A TIP, BUY **ZIP!**

THE 3 MONKEY-TEERS



ED GOSSIN

WELL FIRST OF ALL, HERE IS YOUR UNCLE MIKE! HE WAS A VERY CLEVER MAN AND INVENTED THE MONKEY SUIT...



AND THIS HORRIBLE MAN USED TO LIVE NEXT DOOR. HE'S SMILING BECAUSE HE JUST TOOK THAT CANDY FROM A BABY... LUCKILY THE CHILD HAD A BIG BROTHER...



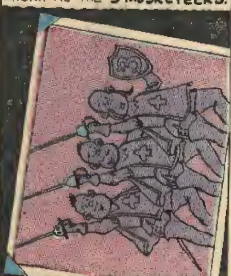
HEY I THOUGHT YOU THREW THAT *???* PICTURE OUT... MAYBE FROM NOW ON YOU'D BETTER CALL IT THE "FAMILY ALL-BUM!"



AND OF COURSE THIS IS THAT NICE CLERK AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN-- STUPID SORT OF FELLOW, BUT AWFULLY NICE...

AND HERE, CHILDREN, ARE YOUR MOST FAMOUS ANCESTORS! THEY LIVED LONG, LONG AGO AND WERE KNOWN AS THE 3 MUSKETEERS!

SAY POP, HOW COME THEY WERE CALLED MUSKETEERS WHEN THEY ONLY CARRIED SWORDS?



THAT'LL DO, NOW! THE IDEA... BOTHERING YOUR POOR OLD DAD WITH FOOLISH QUESTIONS! OFF TO BED WITH YOU!

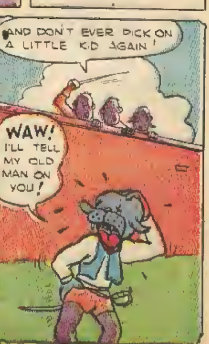
I WISH WE COULD TELL MOTHER THAT THE CLERK AT SCHULTZ'S DELICATESSEN IS ALSO STUPIDMAN! BUT HE SAID IT HAD TO BE KEPT A SECRET!

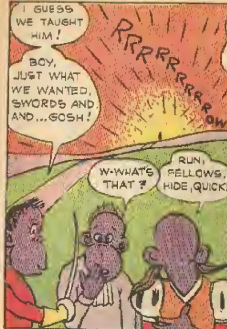
BOY, IF WE ONLY LIVED AT THE TIME OF THE 3 MUSKETEERS AND 222

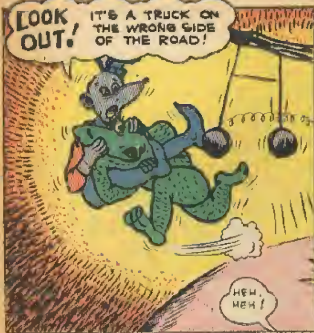
YEH! 222



AND FINALLY ALL BECOMES QUIET AS THE SLEEPY WORLD DRIFTS OFF INTO DREAMLAND...







OH, I'M QUITE A HAND AT
INVENTIN' ... HEAP GOOD INJUN,
THAT'S ME! NAME'S TOM
RED CENT!

RIGHT!



ARE YOU
A REAL
RED-SKIN,
MISTER?

YOU
BADDIT
KID!

AND DON'T POINT!
SLURP

IT AIN'T
PERLITE!



SAY,
WHAT IN
THE WORLD
IS THAT
THING?

WHO, ELOISE? WELL, SIR,
SHE'S A CROSS BETWEEN
A HOMING PIGEON AND A
PARROT! BUM EXPERIMENT!
FELL THROUGH! TURNED OUT
TO BE ALL FEMALES AND
BLABBED EVERYTHING THEY
KNEW! NASTY CRITTERS,
TOO!



GUDDENLY...

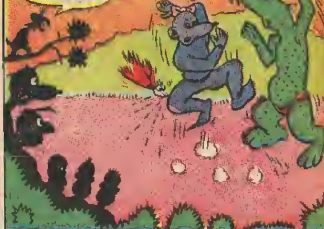
HELLPPPP
GO AWAY
CONARN YE!



OH, GOODY! GOODY!
HURRY AND SEE
WHAT'S RAPPENING!



THOSE STUPID MESSENGER
BIRDS YOU SENT FOR HELP
ARE TAPPING OUT MESSAGES
ON GOOFY JOE, THE
BLACK KNIGHT! THEY
THINK HE'S A POLE,
I GLESS!



SCAT! SCAT!
DARN YOU! GET
'EM OFF ME,
ALBERT!

GOOD GRACIOUS; ANY-
ONE WITH HALF AN EYE
CAN SEE HE'S A SNOTZI!...
I MEAN ANOW, IF I
HAD THE ASSIGNMENT!
BLAH BLAH



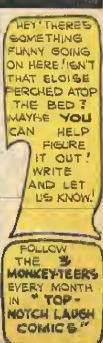
HERE, STUPIDMAN,
ONLY YOU CAN DO IT!
IT'S UP TO YOU TO
SAVE US FROM THESE
VILE BEASTS!



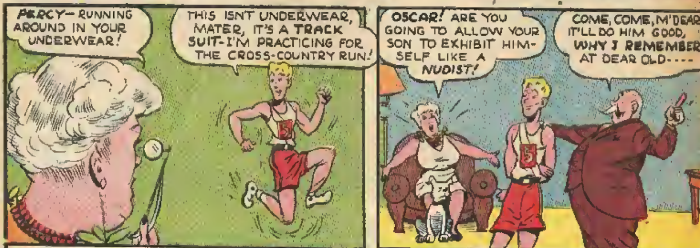
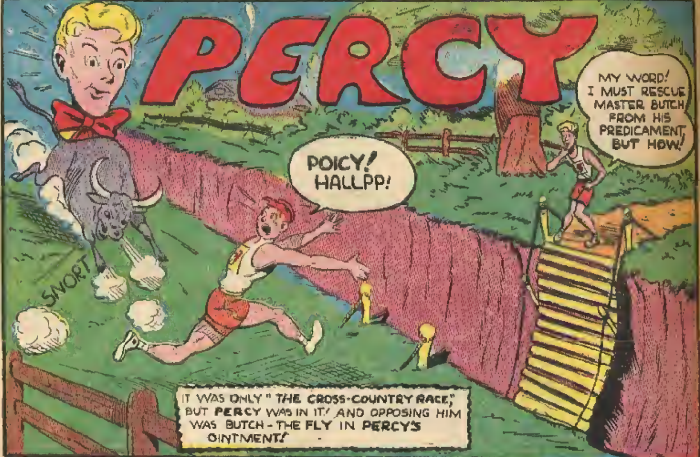
PRESENTLY...



TRY THIS
ON FOR
SIZE!



PERCY

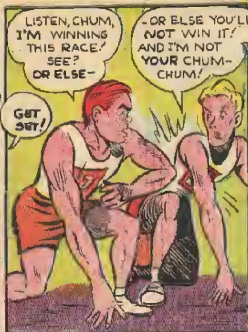




REMEMBER BOYS—
FOLLOW THE MARKING
FLAGS! AND MAY THE
BEST MAN WIN!
ON YOUR MARK—

MOVE OVER-
SQUIRT!

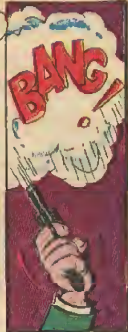
HUH?



LISTEN, CHUM,
I'M WINNING
THIS RACE!
SEE?
OR ELSE—

GET
SET!

—OR ELSE YOU'LL
NOT WIN IT!
AND I'M NOT
YOUR CHUM-
CHUM!



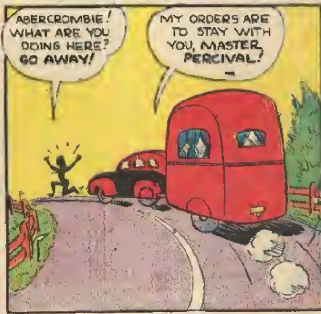
BANG!



THEY'RE
OFF!



WHAT--!
HEY!



ABERCROMBIE!
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?
GO AWAY!

MY ORDERS ARE
TO STAY WITH
YOU, MASTER
PERCIVAL!

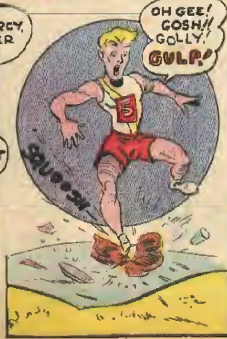


NOW YOU
JUST GO AWAY!
I'LL GET ALONG
ALLRIGHT!

B-BUT,
MASTER PERCY,
YOUR MATER
SAID---

THIS'LL
BE OUR BEST
PICNIC!

IT'S SURE
IS PEACEFUL
HERE!



OH GEE!
GOSH!!
GOLLY!
GULP!



LOOK AT
OUR CAKE
YOU--YOU
YOU!

BOO
HOO!
OUR PICNIC
IS RUINED!

YOU
BEAST!

YOU
CLUMSY
OX!

NOW IS MY CHANCE
TO GET AHEAD
OF THAT
SISSY!



IT WOULD
HARDLY BE PROPER
TO GO ON WITHOUT
MAKING RESTITUTION
TO THOSE YOUNG
LADIES!!



ABERCROMBIE!
I PRESUME YOU HAVE
REFRESHMENTS IN
THE TRAILER. PLEASE
ACCOMMODATE
THESE LADIES!

GULP!
YESSIR!



THAT LITTLE DELAY
CAUSED ME TO
FALL FAR BEHIND
BUTCH, I MUST EXERT
SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH
TO OUTDISTANCE HIM!



WOW!
A PUDDLE!



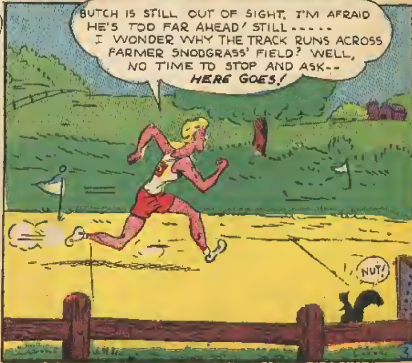
I'LL PUT THIS
FLAG ON THE
OTHER SIDE----



.... AND THAT SKINNY RUNT WILL
FALL FLAT ON HIS FACE IN THE MUD!



BUTCH IS STILL OUT OF SIGHT, I'M AFRAID
HE'S TOO FAR AHEAD! STILL ----
I WONDER WHY THE TRACK RUNS ACROSS
FARMER SNODGRASS' FIELD? WELL,
NO TIME TO STOP AND ASK--
HERE GOES!



OH-OH!

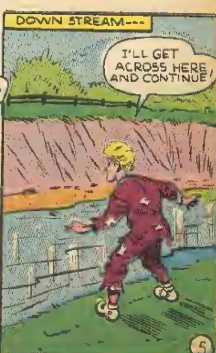
SPLASH!

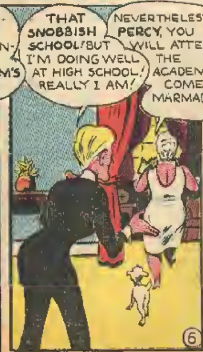
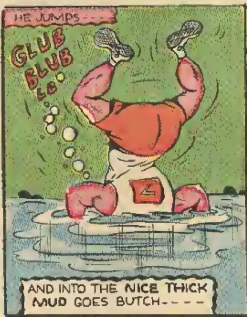
I CAN'T RUN
IN THESE WET
CLOTHES
HMM---

THERE HE IS!
THIS HILL MUST
HAVE SLOWED
HIM DOWN!

HUH? HE MUST
BE "KID MERCURY"
I'LL STOP HIM
YET!

IDEA!





WORLD WONDERS



THE DOLLAR SIGN ORIGINATED FROM A RIBBON ENTWINED DESIGN ON THE SPANISH DOLLAR WIDELY USED IN COLONIAL AMERICA.

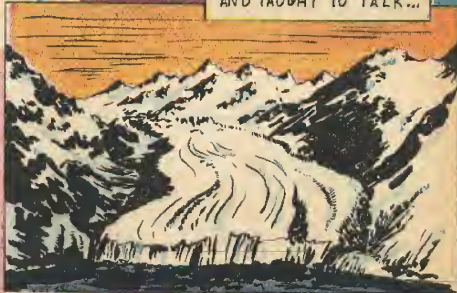
MAGPIES

NATIVES OF THE MID-WEST AND NORTHWEST U.S. ARE THE HIGHWAY ROBBERS OF THE BIRD FAMILY... ALSO THE MOST INTELLIGENT, IF CAPTURED WHILE YOUNG THEY MAY BE TAMED AND TAUGHT TO TALK...



IF THE COCOON OF THE SILK WORM IS UNWOUND THE THREAD MAY BE AS LONG AS $9\frac{1}{4}$ OF A MILE....

-Guss



GLACIERS OF THE LAST ICE AGE DREW SO MUCH WATER FROM THE SEA THAT THEY LOWERED ITS LEVEL OVER 300 FT.... ISLANDS LIKE ENGLAND WERE THEN CONNECTED WITH THE CONTINENT.

Dotty and Ditto

64
BILL
WOGGON

**DITTO! NO!
DON'T DO IT!
-- DON'T
JUMP!!**

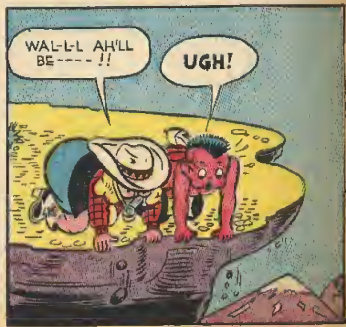
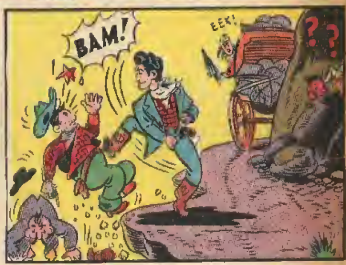
DITTO, DOTTY'S
PET PARROT, IS ABOUT
TO END IT ALL AFTER
DOTTUM, THE LITTLE INDIAN,
PICKED ALL HIS FEATHERS
TO SAVE DOTTY FROM THE
VILLAIN DESPERATE DAN. HE
IS SO HUMILIATED THAT
HE HAS DECIDED TO
JUMP OFF THE CLIFF--
OH! OH! LOOK!
HE'S JUMPING NOW--

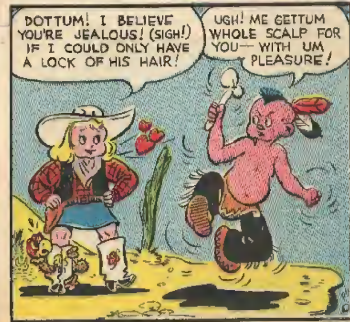
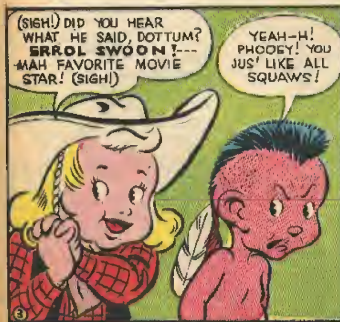
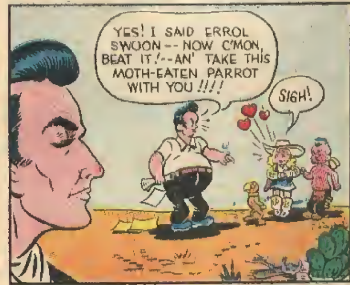
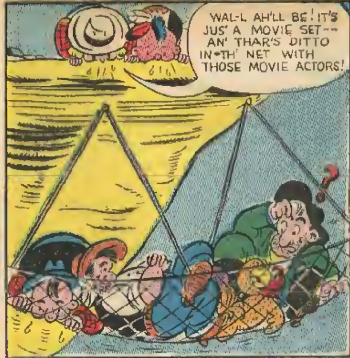
AH CAN'T
STAND IT!
AH'M
HUMILIATED!
(SNIFF)

OH, WHY DID HE
DO IT, DOTTUM?---
AH CAN'T BEAR TO
LOOK OVAH THAT
CLIFF--! (SOB!)

**UGH!
LOOK OUT,
DOTTY!!**

BANG!





UGH!--- SO DOTTY
WANTUM LOCK OF
HIS HAIR, HUH? PHOOEY!
WHAT ERROL SWOON
GOT THAT DOTTUM AINT
GOT?--CEPT MORE HAIR!

SQUAWS GETTUM HEAP
CRAZY IDEAS SUMTIMES.'

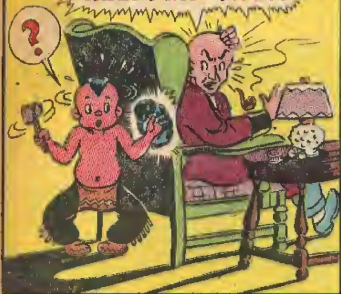
SCRAM, INJUN! THIS
IS ERROL SWOON'S CABIN
AN' HE DON'T WANT TO
BE DISTURBED! SEE?

HMM!!

UGH! HE TAKIN' UM
SNOOZE--NOW GOOD
CHANCE TO GETTUM LOCK
OF HIS HAIR FOR DOTTY!

?

HELP! MY WIG!!



UGH! MEBBE
DOTTUM WANT
HIS **TEETH**,
TOO!



WHY YOU LITTLE REDSKIN
THIEF! I'LL SHOW YOU!
-- NOW WHERE DID I
PUT MY GLASSES! **BLANKET!**



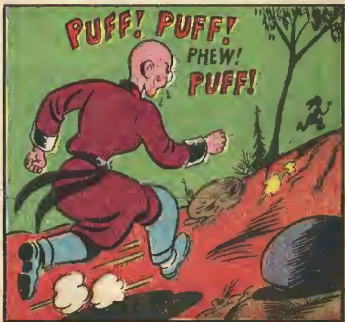
AH! HERE THEY ARE---!!!
-- NOW WHERE DID
HE GO??!!

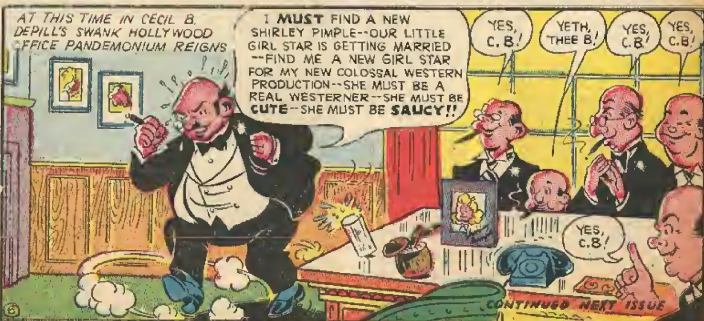
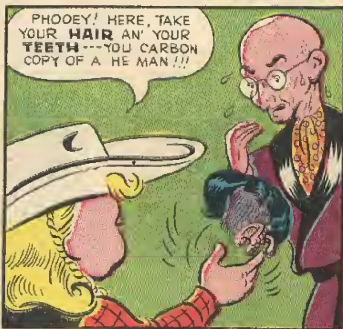
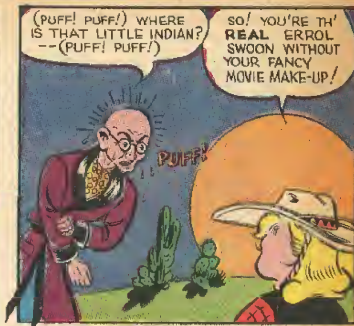
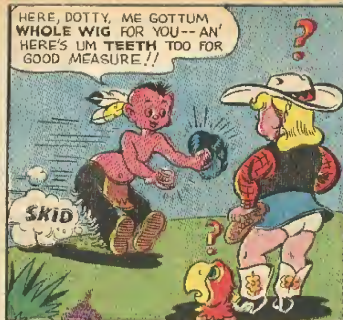


THERE HE IS--
COME BACK WITH
MY WIG, AND TEETH,
YOU LITTLE THIEF!
BLANKET!



PUFF! PUFF!
PHW!
PUFF!





GEE...what a build!
Didn't it take a long
time to get those muscles?

SHOWER

No SIR! - ATLAS
Makes Muscles Grow
Like Magic!

Will You Let Me PROVE I Can Make YOU a New Man?

LET ME START SHOWING RESULTS FOR YOU

5 inches
of new
Muscle

"My arms increased
1 1/2", chest 2 1/2",
forearm 3/4". — O.
S. W. Va.

What a
difference!

"Have
put 2 1/2"
in a chest
(normal) and
2 1/2" expanded." —
F. S. N. Y.

Here's what ATLAS
did for ME!

For quick results
I recommend
**CHARLES
ATLAS**

"Am sending snapshot
showing wonderful prog-
ress." — W. G. N. Y.

GAINED
29
POUNDS

"When I started,
weighed only 141.
Now 170 1/2." — T.
K. N. Y.

**CHARLES
ATLAS**

Awarded the
title of "The
World's Most
Perfectly De-
veloped Man"
in interna-
tional contests—in
competition
with ALL men
who would con-
sent to appear
against him.
This is a re-
cent photo of
Charles Atlas
showing how
he looks today.
This is not a
studio picture
but an actual
untouched
snapshot.

Here's What Only 15 Minutes a Day Can Do For You

I DON'T care how old or how young you are, or how advanced of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE and OUTSIDE!** I can add inches to your chest, give you a vee-like grip, make those legs of yours like and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice, new, beautiful suit of muscle!

When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-builders. You simply utilize the **DOORMAN** muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. Even the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY**.

FREE BOOK

"Everlasting Health and
Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. **AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2733 115 East 23rd St., New York City.**

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

**CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2733
115 East 23rd St., New York, N. Y.**

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, bumpy body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State

**Chin-
BOYS-GIRLS
MEN-WOMEN**

PICK YOUR PRIZE

THESE PRIZES ARE GIVEN TO YOU—Just send for 40 packets of easy selling Garden Spot Seeds which you can easily and quickly sell to your friends and neighbors at 10c each. Return the \$4.00 collected and select your Prize in accordance to our offers. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.



One Pair Racing HOMER PIGEONS

Use fun to raise and train and handle Racing Homer Pigeons. One pair of named birds given for selling only 1 order of seeds. Sent Ex. Collect.

10 Piece Priscilla Curtain Set



All given as one Premium for selling only 1 order of seeds. Sent postpaid.

Beautiful DINNER SET



This beautiful set Given for selling only 9 orders of seeds. Sent Express Collect.

VIOLIN, BOW & INSTRUCTIONS



GIVEN

Handsome finish. Nicely polished. POSITIVELY NOT A TOY. Send no money. **GIVEN** for selling only 4 orders. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY. BE FIRST.

Suitable for Dad or Son

This set is complete and practical, as shown. Given for selling only one 40 pkt. order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c. each. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.



ALL 3 GIVEN



**GUITAR, MANDOLIN
AND
BANJO**



Just the Instruments for you until you can afford those of larger size. ALL 3 INSTRUMENTS. GUITAR, UKE, BANJO and MANDOLIN given for selling only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c. a pkt.

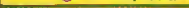
CANDID-TYPE CAMERA

Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c. a packet and this splendid Camera is yours. WRITE FOR SEEDS TODAY.



CHENILLE BED SPREAD

Here is a hand. some addition to your bed room. Your choice of colors. Sell only one order of Garden Spot Seeds at 10c per 30c.



Basket Ball GIVEN



Latest Rubber Valve Type. Given for selling only 40 pkts. at 10c. each.



What's Tell! You will love a Canary and Cage both given for selling only one order of seeds at 10c. a packet. Sent Ex. Collect.

ONE PAIR RABBITS

The raising of rabbits for the market is a fascinating business. We offer and guarantee early arrival One Pair of Rabbits for selling only two orders. Rabbits sent Ex. Collect.



Everyone who plants a garden will help to solve the problem of the feeding of the nation.

**SEND NO MONEY
WE TRUST YOU**



36th Year

Lincoln County Seed Co.
Box 1393, Paradise, Pa.

Please send me 40 packets (one order) of Garden Spot Seeds to sell at 10c. a pkt. for a fine Gift. I will sell and pay for seeds in 30 days. Also send right along with Seeds Patriotic Pin shown above.

Name _____
Post Office _____
State _____
Street or R.F.D. _____ Box _____
Print your last name plainly below

Save 3 cents by filling in, posting and mailing this Coupon on a 1c Post Card TODAY.